

# The Brethren Evangelist.

By HOLSINGER & HILDEBRAND.

"Let us go on unto Perfection."

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## Is Life Worth Living?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long  
As there is wrong to right,  
Wall of the weak against the strong;  
Or tyranny to fight;  
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,  
Or streaming tear to dry,  
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face  
That smiles as we draw nigh;  
Long as a tale of anguish swells  
The heart, and lids grow wet,  
And at the sound of Christmas bells  
We pardon and forget;  
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,  
And loyal Hope survives,  
And gracious Charity remains  
To leaven lowly lives;  
While there is one untrodden tract  
For Intellect or Will,  
And men are free to think and act,  
Life is worth living still.

—English Illustrated Magazine.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. H. BASHOR.

### Preface.

The reasons for the appearance of the following autobiographical sketch are manifold. Traveling as an evangelist for almost fourteen years, the author continuously came in contact with persons expressing a hope that something of the kind would at some time be given. Of the thousands who were converted under his preaching and are yet living, scores of requests to that end have been made. Others, not members of the church, have expressed a desire to see and read such a work. Coupled with this is the desire, that many who are yet to come, who are living to-day, or who have had, or may have occasion to unlearn much of misrepresentation, may have a truthful statement of the actual events of the author's public life, and the methods by which he worked for the upbuilding of the church of Christ. Then, too, is the greater reason, that much of the doctrine of the church may be presented, as its truth and strength came to him through personal observation and experience, and unaided study. It is given to the EVANGELIST in this form, and if a single young minister is aided in his effective work in saving souls, if a drooping spirit is cheered on his pilgrimage, or if one soul is comforted or saved, he will feel amply repaid for his toil.

S. H. BASHOR.

### CHAPTER I.

My ancestors, on my fathers side, were natives of France. The correct family name is La'Baseur. One branch of the family—the one from which my father sprang—emigrated to Low Holland, where the name was abridged to Baseur. From Holland they emigrated to America, and located in what is now Berks county, Pennsylvania. There my father was born. German being spoken exclusively, the name was gradually corrupted until it partook almost entirely of the German accent. As the country settled up, the population became more dense, the spirit of adventure and the necessity for more and cheaper homes increased, the family separated and different branches migrated to different parts of the country. As each in the new home learned to speak and write the English language, the name was spelled and pronounced in as many ways as suited the fancy or the surroundings of the individual hearing it. In some instances the change resulted from the inability or unwillingness of the English, Scotch or German neighbors to correctly pronounce it. In eastern Pennsylvania the name is spelled Bashore; in the middle and western portion of the state Bazier, Basier, Basore and Baser; in Ohio Bashoar, Bashore and Bashier. In Indiana the family spelled the name Bessore and Basheir, while those in Virginia and Tennessee, the immediate descendants of my grandfather, spell the name uniformly Bashor, though some pronounce it as if spelled Baser and a few Ba'shor.

My grandfather, Elder Benjamin Bashor, was a devout and uncompromising minister of the Dunkard church. Moving from Berks county, Pennsylvania, while my father was yet a child, he selected a home in Rockingham county, Virginia, near the present town of New Market. Soon after locating in Virginia and before the home was entirely paid for, he went to Berks county on a trip that included business and preaching. From this tour he never returned. He was taken suddenly ill and died before reaching home.

At the age of twenty-two, Henry Bashor, my

father, visited eastern Tennessee, and he was so favorably impressed with the advantages offered a young man of limited means, that he selected it as his future home. Obtaining employment on the farm of Deacon Joseph Bowman, he labored, as did Jacob for Laban, until he led his employers daughter away in marriage. About this time both father and mother were converted and united with the Dunkard church. Mother lived a devoted and consistent member during life. Her piety was never doubted by friend or foe, if foe she ever had. Her life was as beautiful as it was consistent. Her religion, that deep, rich, radiating character that every day life. As I patient, thoughtful, gentle, that strange inexplicable as well as love. She made home happy.

children as much by the lesson was as imparted. Father lived such the church for some in an extensive mill, he had occasion to collect of an honorable but careless brother disfellowshipped by the church. He was a member. He remained in the church until the civil war, when after some persuasion and much reflection he experienced renewed religious energy, and was reinstated in full and approved membership by the unanimous vote of the church. He was devoted to its best interest, contributed liberally of his means, and in every way sought to enlarge its usefulness in the community in which he lived, until about April, 1888, when death called him from labor to reward.

Soon after marriage he purchased a flouring mill, spent his time in grinding grain and shipping the flour down the river on boats to the middle and western portions of the state. In this way he became largely acquainted with the business men, in almost every section of the South. His flour was good. It commanded the highest price in every market. The business paid a handsome profit, and after a few years he found himself the possessor of a moderate fortune. Selling the old mill on "Knob creek," he moved into another portion of the county, erected a mill of larger capacity at a more favorable location, purchased a section of land and continued his business on a larger scale. This home and mill were near its junction with the W. Carters station now prospered and wealth increased farther, until business connection with the Georgia railroad, into bankruptcy. He being the road, and he counted the cost of discharged every del business he thorough time of the breaking almost regained his lost of war left him as if almost on the verge of financial ruin.

In nearly all his business transactions mother was father's counselor. He made a bargain or investment against her advice, that did not result in failure or total loss. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of men and business that never miscarried. Indeed I have heard father say, again and again, "I never lost a cent, made a mistake nor was deceived in a single business transaction when following Elizabeth's advice."

In the home, the old stone house near the banks of the beautiful Watauga river, I was born, August 15, 1852. I was the youngest of twelve children save three. Of my early life I remember but little, save that old folks would visit our place in the evening, surround the broad, old fashioned fire place in a sort of half circle, crack nuts, eat apples and discuss the current events of the day. I was always at mother's feet on such occasions, the most entranced listener of the circle. As the blazing logs sent forth the jets of smoke and tongues of flame, the candle was left untrimmed, and the flickering shadows of the conversers fell upon the distant walls of the room with the waver of the flames in the fire. I would crouch closer and closer to my mother's knee in mortal dread of the "Booger man,"

taught me was forever hovering about of dark nights, to "gobble right onto naughty boys what steals preserves and jam and don't obey their mamma." Somewhere in the neighborhood, too, was "raw head and bloody bones," "old scratch," "ragged hoodoo," and a thousand other sprites and spirits with which our ebony instructors were accustomed to regale us, on occasions when it suited their convenience for us to be particularly good. Those hair raising recitals had little effect on me during the hours of day, when mischief was handy, but at night, when it was dark they worked wonders.

Then as the evening waned, the fire burnt low and ghostly shadows played thickest upon the wall, some one was invariably sure to mention witches, hobgoblins and spooks. And such harrowing stories that would be repeated. The first one was always harrowing enough, but one after another they grew more ghastly, until the last one which was a climax of horror. My hair fairly stood on end and heart beats grew stronger and stronger, until it seemed as if my throat would burst. I was so frightened that for hours I could not go to sleep, and when at last I did, my slumber was disturbed by dreams in which dead men, disembodied spirits and demons of the most weird and unearthly character mingled. For years I never went to sleep except with my head under the cover and my hands clutching it at either side, lest one of those ghostly visitors should suddenly appear in the room and I be forced to see it. That instinctive feeling of fear has never left me. Long ago I was educated out of a belief in spooks and goblins, yet at any unusual noise at night I instinctively start, and every nerve in my body is up in arms with a jerk. It is perhaps a physical feeling, but feeling it is nevertheless, and no amount of mental conviction can modify or destroy it.

I pity the child thus exposed to the thoughtless repetition of those old shadowy tales. Many were told more in jest than earnest. The effect however was the same on me. I believed them, and the belief made the early hours of many a dark night miserable. Many things said by parents in the presence of children, which are supposed to pass unnoticed leave an impression for evil that lasts through life.

Our home like all southern homes was proverbial for its hospitality. Father entertained all who sought lodging beneath his roof. No stranger, however humble, was ever turned away. Such a thing as compensation for a night's lodging outside of a hotel was unknown. The offering of money for entertainment, on the part of a traveler, however well meant was resented as bordering on insult. It was characteristic of the southern people in every section at that time, and has only been partially abandoned since the war. Dunkard preachers passing from the churches of Tennessee to those of Virginia and vice versa, always made it convenient to spend the night in the neighborhood, and usually at our house. On such occasions the mill, the barn or the portico and sitting room, would be temporarily arranged for divine service. The neighbors would be informed and it was surprising what congregations could be assembled on short notice to "Hear the new Dunkard preacher." Preaching there was in the country in plenty, but no class of clergymen drew such houses as those just mentioned. They were the only preachers too that ever paid much attention to the children, and with whom the people in general solicited an acquaintance. Whether it was on account of the high esteem in which my mother was held for benevolence and piety, or the simplicity and earnestness of the preaching, that the occasional services of the church were so sought after, I do not know; but people attended them and seemed interested, who had little sympathy with religion in general, and who seldom attended other services, except on funeral occasions. Many and many were the nights we spent till twelve and one o'clock, listening to the religious conversation of mother, father and neighbors, and those godly men. Their coming was to our family in our partially isolated condition, like a breath from heaven, and for days after their visits mother's heart seemed lighter and her songs sweeter.

One by one as the children grew up they united with the church, and then a preacher's visit was as the light of the morning to all. Their conversation was of heaven and things eternal. As I